

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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LITERATURE.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

THE Commencement Exercises of the University of the City of New York, which have taken place during the past week, have been conducted this year with unusual spirit and ability. This is no doubt owing to the pleasing fact that the debt, which has so long pressed upon the Institution, and often threatened her very existence, has been by the liberal contributions of citizens of New York, entirely paid. The revenue heretofore paid as interest can now be applied to the salaries of professors, and other purposes of the institution.

The exercises commenced on Monday evening, with the oration and poem before the Literary Societies. The poem, by the Rev. John Pierpont, the SCHOLAR'S HOPE, was an exposition of the various trials incident to professional life, and might perhaps have been more appropriately styled the SCHOLAR'S DESPAIR. Mr. Whipple's address was acute and philosophical, laying bare some of the secrets of that ill success in life which the poet of the evening had just humorously commented upon.

On Tuesday evening, the address before the alumni was delivered by Prof. Draper. His subject was "What does New York owe the University?" As the public opinion has generally brought in the university as the debtor, the professor was at first listened to with incredulity. He however quickly proved his position by a reference to two of the greatest scientific discoveries of the age, the magnetic telegraph, and the application of the daguerreotype process to the taking of portraits, both perfected within its walls by its chemical professors.

Much more, however, has been accomplished in the institution in the interesting and important department of photography. The reception these labors have met in the high places of science, and the inadequate means with which they were accomplished, are best told in the Professor's own words.

"The success which had thus been met with, in showing the possibility of taking portraits by the daguerreotype, led to an extended investigation of the chemical action of the sunlight, which was continued uninterruptedly for more than twelve years. A great many interesting and new facts were discovered, which, though they excited but little attention here, were viewed with interest in foreign countries. The papers detailing these, which would form a volume of considerable size, were reprinted, condensed, or criticised, in almost every European capital. In annual reports on the progress of chemistry, made to the Royal Society of Sweden, Baron BERZELIUS, the highest authority among modern chemists, spoke of them uniformly with applause, never once with critical condemnation. It is an interesting recollection, that this great chemist, a few days before his death, sent his portrait with a kind message, conveying his appreciation of what had been done here for Science. A commission of the French Academy repeated one of our series of experiments, and verified its correctness; a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science another. In England, one of the most eminent living astronomers, Sir J. HERSCHEL, composed a memoir on an experimental illustration which had been sent from this place; and the German chemists repeated a great many of our experiments, and discussed the explanations we had given. In Switzerland, they habitu-

ally reprinted in full or in abstract, the greater part of these publications. Indeed, if any of you are desirous of knowing the particulars of what our University has done in these respects, you will learn with more correctness at the foot of the Alps, than you will in the city of New York. Even in Italy, the experiments made here have excited attentive consideration, and some of them have been the subjects of a formal and flattering report to the Royal Academy at Naples, by one of its most distinguished members.

"But why should I go on in this way? What I have said has been for the purpose of putting the scientific department in a right position before you; and what I have said is, for that purpose, more than enough. Let any, even among the most favored colleges of our country, show that it has done more.

"Extensive researches, such as are here spoken of, can only be carried on at a heavy cost. It will excite a smile among you to learn that the amount devoted to the support of the laboratory, and intended also to meet the expenses of the course of lectures delivered to the Senior Class, was \$125 a year; and, of late, even that has ceased. Yet, during the last fourteen years the actual expenses incurred have been many thousand dollars; and it may, with perfect truth, be said, that the entire sum has come, not from the city, not from the university treasury, but from the private resources of a single individual.

"Now, that our accommodations are so much improved, we can afford to talk about those times. Our laboratory was then in a little, dark back room, without ventilation. The morning sun struggled almost in vain to see what we were doing—for the window-panes were covered with an incongruous arrangement of Venetian blinds and Gothic mullions. A hole in the ceiling led up into the chapel above, to the pulpit of which the material for the daily lecture was carried in a tea-tray. I called it a pulpit because they used to preach out of it. A clergyman, who also statelyly occupied it, regarded it as a pneumatic trough, because I experimented in it. And this I think it really was; for, recalling the Greek etymology of that epithet, it plainly indicates the double functions, spiritual as well as chemical. Our laboratory work commenced at seven in the morning, and continued, uninterruptedly, till after midnight: and, as might have been readily foreseen, what, with the impure air and mental application, the individual chiefly engaged twice contracted a fever, and narrowly escaped with his life."

After a well merited eulogy of the great Medical School of the University, the Professor passed to the consideration of the means needed to advance the usefulness of this and kindred institutions. In his view a capital fault was the preponderance given to languages and literature over science. After an enumeration of the advantages of a knowledge of the laws of nature to all professions, he said:

"And, therefore, for such reasons as these, I would beseech those who are friends of American colleges, to abandon the existing system. With an equal hand dispense your honors equally in every branch. Make no attempt at inciting the student to take an old-fashioned and profitless course, by holding forth fictitious rewards, and working on his desires for distinction; that course of study is out of keeping with our state of society, and worse than useless to the Church. Instead of unmeaning bachelors' or masters' degrees, and valedictory and salutatory addresses, establish distinctions which shall plainly say, this young man was, in such a year, the best mathematician, or chemist, or Greek or Latin scholar, the University produced. But do no mix all these in

one inextricable and unmeaning confusion. Don't swamp science by crowding into the boat with her the skeletons of thirty centuries. Let each department go on its own merit, and have its own rewards. Cease from this system of bounties. Free-trade will answer as well in a college as in commerce. Let the native bent, the native talent, the native instinct of our young men, find its means of development unshackled, and you will have what you have not now,—men in the pulpit who can check the tendency of the age to materialism."

The Professor then proposed to the Institution a new and noble field of intellectual activity:

"There is next before us the great task of dealing with the true strength of New York—its commercial classes, manufacturers, engineers, and mechanics—the men who have little concern in knowing what was said or done in Athens or Rome two thousand years ago, but who are craving for a knowledge how they shall conduct the business enterprise they are to enter on to-morrow. Let us hold fast to that which we have, and develop as quickly as we may. Our instinct is to satisfy the wants of the city. Let us remember that doctors, lawyers, and preachers constitute only a small portion of the community. Let us address our exertions to that class which, in some places, is the terror of great communities, but which here, if submitted to the influence of science and letters, will surely form the guard of public order. Let us, in a good cause, act boldly, and hoist the flag of free instruction of an evening, for the artisans of New York, and trust to the city to see us safely through. Let us take counsel with those influential men who have hundreds in their employ, and try whether we cannot set a fashion that will bring them here. What nobler spectacle could be offered than this chapel, crowded with those brave men who constitute our fire and military forces, listening to literary and scientific discourses, in their holiday dresses, after the toils of the day. I heartily join in the sentiments recently expressed by an eminent clergyman, and trust that the time is not distant when we shall see the New York mechanic passing up the steps of the University and depositing the tools he has been using behind the lecture-room door. Gentlemen, when that comes to pass, you will hear no more of the want of money. The University will then be in fact what it is now in name—University of the City of New York."

The lecture closed with the following invitation, which we gladly send forth to some whose eyes it may not yet have reached, convinced that in no way could the great name of a benefactor to learning and to the world be more readily or worthily won than by a compliance with its terms. In the hands of Professor Draper it would speedily be known to the world as the "best chemical laboratory in the world," not only on account of its appliances, but also of its results.

"Suppose, now, that the remarks I have been making should come to the knowledge of one of those wealthy and far-seeing merchants, who may be found in New York, and that he should say to himself, 'I never knew until now the position of that institution, nor that it had done so much for the reputation of the city, nor that it is so capable of ministering to our rising greatness. What can more effectually tend to develop the internal resources of our nation, to enable our manufactories to compete with those of Europe, to develop the talent for invention, which is almost characteristic of us, than the dissemination of practical science? I will take the lead in this plan of furnishing our people industrial knowledge; and as a beginning, I will create and endow,

in that University, the best chemical laboratory in the world, which may be a centre of information for our manufacturers, engineers, miners, and artisans, and I will give it my name."

"Suppose, now, that this should occur; then, gentlemen, the object of my address to you, this evening, is accomplished."

The Commencement took place on Wednesday, at Niblo's Theatre. First in the programme came the inauguration of the new Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Ferris, to whose exertions the institution is already deeply indebted. The ceremony consisted in a brief address by Rev. Dr. Potts, of the Council, and a response, happily expressed, by the new official, closing with these words of good omen:

"Our debt is provided for. Having confidence in the pledges given, it will soon be among the things that were."

"I read what you will be pleased to hear:

"This will be but the beginning of good things."

"A clergyman of distinction has offered a gold medal, to be given each year, for the best oration by a member of the Senior Class."

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"Another—already a liberal donor—authorizes me to say he will give \$2,500 towards the sum necessary for an Astronomical Observatory."

"Other friends, we believe, will rise, and we shall yet do a good work for our city and our country."

"We have no new project to offer you. We need none. We have only to carry out the original plan of this institution. It is a painful, yet a pleasant thought, that, after twenty-one years of struggling, we are to be in a condition to work freely. We need a little time to settle up. We need the promising aid of our friends to place the noble edifice we occupy in complete repair, and then we shall feel that our kind benefactors shall not be disappointed in us."

"At an early day, it is hoped, we shall be able to present to the numerous students of Law a full Faculty, embracing the best legal minds in the profession."

"We look for a crowning blessing only to God."

The Faculty is also strengthened by the accession of Professor Martin to the chair of Moral Philosophy, and Professor Bull as Assistant in the Mathematical Department.

We trust that this institution will take the initiative in the establishment of a post-graduate course. Let a strong, practical programme be presented, and by a vigorous effort the necessary funds can, we think, be raised to support the experiment from year to year, and, if its results be at all satisfactory, obtain its permanent endowment. As it would be supplemental, also, to the courses of Columbia College and the Free Academy, it could look to the graduates of these institutions, as well as its own alumni, and a portion of the general public, as students and supporters.

M. AMPÈRE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, says M. Ampère, in the new instalment of his *Promenade en Amérique* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a striking proof that a great city is not to be created by willing it. Moore walked the germ of a town, where the wit saw squares in the marshes and obelisks among the trees. The population is thinly sown over a poorly filled space; so that, at Washington, you may say there are houses without streets, and streets without houses.

The first aspect of the town saddened M. Ampère. Over a country covered with snow, across which the Potomac slept, like a frozen serpent, arose in the haze the brown towers of the Smithsonian Institute, a scientific establishment of a bizarre aspect. The streets were whitened by winter, and in the midst of the river there shivered, oddly enough out of place and country, the grotesque figures of the blacks; for slavery exists in the District of Columbia, under the immediate authority of Congress. Slavery sits at the gate of the palace of Liberty.

In M. de Sartiges, M. Ampère found an old acquaintance of Rome and Athens. Subsequently minister plenipotentiary in Persia, he now represents French urbanity and Parisian *l'esprit* to the American frigidity, and appears to live on very comfortable terms with it.

The Capitol he considers a remarkable "Monument." Well placed, on a moderate elevation, it commands the course of the river, and a vast plain terminated by hills. But, associations apart, the horizon is not a Roman horizon; it has more extent than grandeur,—two things, adds Mr. A., not at all synonymous, though they are often confounded in America.

Of the statue of America, discovered by Columbus, our slipshod though philosophic tourist condescends to preserve a bad pun: discovered (*i. e.*, uncovered) because she is naked!

He notices the ornaments of the columns of the Senate chamber, figuring stalks of maize gathered in a fascies, the capitals being formed of the ears and the leaves. The leaf of the tobacco employed on the other columns, he considers, produces a less happy effect. It is indeed natural, he admits, that the architecture of a country should borrow its decorations from the vegetation. The Egyptians used the lotus and papyrus, the Greeks, the acanthus, and the French, English and Germans of the middle ages, the trefoil and the colewort. As for the tobacco, however, M. Ampère considers the cigar a quite sufficient employment of the plant,—though why, on his own principles, it should be denied to architecture we cannot see, unless for the sake of giving Mr. A. the opportunity to say so.

Within, neither the House of Representatives nor the Senate presented those negligent and gross habits of which he had heard. Many of the speakers were violent in gesture, and their immoderately high tones were followed by immoderately low ones. In fact, they were wanting in simplicity. The audience in general was calm enough, except when some noisy discussion arose about Kossuth. M. Ampère was accidentally complimented by the remark in his neighborhood that they had a French house to-day, which induces him to say that the French Chambers have seen enough of disorder and tumult, but nothing at all to resemble certain scenes witnessed by the Capitol at Washington.

M. Ampère regrets the great orators of the arena: Calhoun was no longer living; Clay, the Aristides of the Republic, was in his sick room; Webster was Minister of State. But he listened to a sharp contest between Houston and Foote, in which the former disappointed his opponent by the good humor and magnanimity of his bearing an attack. Mr. A. calls him the Achilles of Texas, for his patience under these afflictions.

M. Ampère evidently went to see the President, on the first of January, with the expectation of a scene. He had read some frightful accounts of the disorder and improprieties on these occasions; but, to his surprise, he found everything orderly and convenient. He passed an hour in the grand saloon, admiring the arrangements, philosophically adding that it was nobody's fault, and certainly not his own, that in the pressure outside his purse was taken from his pocket. He only mentions it, that strangers, who may chance to be in Washington, on New Year's Day, and go to court, may take these precautions.

Kossuth came to Washington, and M. Ampère, full of the Magyar's New York reception, walked before the door of his hotel, and saw nobody there. The popularity of Kossuth had fallen considerably. The New Yorkers, M. Ampère concludes, were in want of a little excitement and noisy exhibition, in a country where there is not much amusement, so they got drunk on Kossuth. The hubbub was explained by a man of intelligence. It meant nothing, and there was no danger in it; it was only letting off steam, and that, as everybody knows, is not the cause, but the prevention of the explosion of the machine.

Mr. Douglas, "the little giant of Illinois," made a very favorable impression on our traveller, as an energetic representative of the rising greatness of the West.

Passing over several pages of disquisition on the politics of the country, and the descent of Federalists and Republicans, as Mr. A. terms them, into Whigs and Democrats, we find a description of the Smithsonian Institute. "It is to be regretted," says he, "that so wise an institution should be lodged in so fantastic a building, one which has also exhausted the interest of the fund bequeathed for its endowment. The same process has been repeated as at the Girard College, except that Washington has no palace to show for the money. The money would have been spent to much greater advantage if the buildings had been simpler, and the number of publications increased."

Mr. Owen's work, published by the Smithsonian Institute, in which an eclectic system of architecture, based solely on convenience, is recommended, finds still less favor with the Professor. "I do not believe," he remarks, "in this architecture of liberty (Owen had recommended his disregard of rules of architectural keeping on this plea); however great may be the tendency of the States to avoid subordination to one another, I think that in architecture subordination must always exist; and I trust that the absence of centralization may never be introduced into art to its destruction."

In reference to Owen's remark that "the architecture of the United States, springing up at the same period, in climates widely different, should depart from a fixed form, and distinguish itself by its variety," he observes: "I do not find that such is the case. On the contrary, the Americans everywhere reproduce the same type of construction; they have a certain stereotyped city which they carry with them like a tent, and set up in the east and the west, the north and the south."

M. Ampère claims for his father the credit of having suggested the magnetic telegraph, and quotes with natural satisfaction the testimony of Prof. Henry on the subject, at the

trial of the Morse suit: "Ampère deduced from this theory (of dynamic electricity) results which experience has since confirmed. He proposed a plan to the Academy of Sciences at Paris for the transmission of intelligence over great distances. The discovery was, therefore, made by Ampère, at the earliest moment it was practicable to make it."

M. Ampère condemns the practice of a higher charge being made for a patent right to a foreigner than to an American citizen, it being an advantage to the country that all the products of foreign ingenuity should be brought to it.

The models in the patent office should, he thinks, be exhibited to better advantage. They are piled up in cases, where, although each can be produced if called for, the general effect is lost. Judging by that of the reaping-machine, the models are too small, and too imperfectly constructed to give a correct idea of the merits of the originals.

"The patent office collection contains a great number of interesting objects, but arranged without much order. We find fossil bones, minerals, stuffed beasts, and dried fish, tumbled together in cases where the latter are as invisible as if still in their native ocean. Jackson's coat forms part of the heterogeneous assemblage. I confess I have little respect for the cast-off garments of celebrities. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; and when standing before an old garment, pompously displayed to the public gaze, the spectator finds himself treated somewhat in the style of the valet, and little disposed to enthusiasm. The exhibition at the Greenwich Hospital of the uniform worn by Nelson, when mortally wounded at Trafalgar, may be tolerated. The blood with which it is—I will not say stained, but—decorated, elevates it above all vulgar association. Blood is needed to make a garment a relic. I cannot imagine how a number of paintings, totally unworthy of a place, are allowed to remain in this museum—one, especially, representing a reclining beauty with a very luxuriant head of hair, which looks more like the sign of a dealer in pomatum than anything else."

Due honor is done to the Washington Observatory, and to its director Mr. Maury. The commendation of his charts by Humboldt is quoted: "I beg of you," he wrote to a correspondent, "to express to Mr. Maury, the author of the beautiful charts of the winds and currents, my hearty admiration and gratitude. His enterprise is a great one, as important to the practical navigator as to the progress of meteorological science, and is so regarded by all geographical students in Germany."

A morning was passed by our traveller in the establishment directed by Mr. Bache, "whose indefatigable courtesy satisfied my curiosity, greatly excited by everything I saw, to the fullest extent. The large house he occupies contains everything pertaining to the production of his charts, and every process is supervised in its minutest details by himself. In passing through this fine establishment, we see the charts in every stage, from the preparation of the paper to their final completion. They are engraved by means of the electrotype. The copper, deposited by the electric current, forms elevations which produce the depressions. If anything is to be altered, these projections are shaved off, giving a blank in the plate

which can be filled up by the hand, as may be needed.

"Everything is executed with the greatest precision and care. Defects occur occasionally, in ordinary maps, even in the French marine charts, which Mr. Bache pronounces admirable, caused by a movement of the press, which sometimes pushes the paper forwards. A workman, Mr. Sexton, whom Herschel has called 'the first working mechanician in the world,' has endeavored to remedy this, by an hydraulic press, bearing uniformly on the sheet. I saw the experiment tried on a small scale with success. Another American, Mr. Mathiot, has succeeded in the electrotyping department, by heating the pile, in increasing the current three-fold, and hopes to do so six-fold. These improvements are the fruit of individual effort, instigated by the ardent desire and confidence of ability to do better,—a desire and confidence energetically manifested in all the scientific labors of the Americans. The Smithsonian Institute, the labors of the Observatory, and of Messrs. Maury and Bache, exhibit a combination of scientific activity at Washington not devoid of importance, or even of grandeur."

M. Ampère dined at the White House, in company with Kossuth, the Speakers of the two Houses, Mr. Webster, and his fellow-members of the cabinet, and several would-be Presidential candidates. "Kossuth," he says, "who has a mistaken fondness for fantastic dress, wore a velvet coat, and seemed to me to present a far less imposing appearance than, when leaning on his large sabre, he made his opening harangue at Castle Garden, New York. It is one thing to behold a man received as a hero by a crowd intoxicated with enthusiasm, when he has not yet asked for that which he seeks to obtain, and appears only in the light of a martyr of liberty; and another, to see the same man, when he has shown himself chimerical in his pretensions, unskilful, despite his eloquence, in his harangue, and when the good sense of the people who received him with transports has, in part, detached from his forehead the aureole their enthusiasm had placed there. Kossuth, seen face to face in this room, where no special attention was paid to him, where politics were avoided, and where he was forced, in order to say something, to talk about the study of history and the languages; Kossuth, discontented, ill at ease; Kossuth, fallen, appeared to me, I confess, entirely different from Kossuth radiant and triumphant."

"The dinner was a very agreeable one. The whig and democratic aspirants to the Presidency, among whom are to be counted Mr. Fillmore himself, Webster, General Cass, and General Scott, live very happily together. The abolitionist, Seward, conversed gaily with the partisans of the compromise. The dinner was not equal to those of M. de Sartiges, but was not too republican; and everything in the manner of Mr. Fillmore had a stamp of dignified simplicity and benevolence which seemed to me to make him the type of what an American President should be."

STYLE.—The collocation of words is so artificial in Shakespeare and Milton, that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of their finished passages.—Coleridge's *Table Talk*.

THE MODERN TELEMACHUS.

V.

MUSEUS DEFINES THE TRANSITION FROM MORBID SYMPATHY INTO PLEASURABLE EMOTION, AND SHOWS ITS SUBSERVENCY TO THE PURPOSES OF COMPOSITION IN LITERATURE AND ART.

"The tree-tops by no winds are stirr'd,
Amid the boughs no sounds are heard;
'Tis quiet all.
The forest birds their slumbers keep;
Wait thou, O, wait, for gentle sleep
On thee shall fall."

Goethe's Evening Song.

WE sat together upon our wonted rustic seat, among a group of solemn trees, for such they appeared in their evening attire, as these words came upon our ears. The cadences of Goethe's evening song fell with refreshing influence upon the soul, for they were replete with emotion. The performers sat within an embowered spot near us, and sung with the most perfect accord, correct intonation, and vivid feeling, a striking composition of Kuhlau, adapted to the above simple but impressive poetry. The words of the air were sung in quartette; and, as the delightful voice of the tenor harmonized with that of a pure and sonorous bass, one of those moments of inspiration seemed to visit me, which now and then befall us as we pursue the paths of a chequered life. During our musings on the waters of Lake George, Musæus had impressed the idea upon my mind, how the beauties of musical emotion give increased vitality to nature, and how we imbibe the largest share of delight, when the living picture that feasts the eye enters the soul, by the medium of both tone and color.

The scene of our evening's colloquy was a pleasant woodland resort, where many an oak showed dilapidated marks of extreme old age, and its huge form all the indications of a by-gone century.

Here, in this spot, we overlooked an extensive vale, encompassed by mountains, that gave the back-ground of the picture an amphitheatrical aspect. The scenery of this region is characterized by that freedom of nature, to which all mathematical rule is foreign, and where the purposes of regular plan seem to be overruled by that primitive bounty of the earth which has no equal in any of the arrangements of conventional taste. This bounty is exemplified by the intermingling of hillock and plain, of green fields and umbrageous woods, so variously distributed as to enchain the eye by that singular beauty which constitutes the purity of all natural landscape, where the lines of studied design, and the apportionment of rural possessions into regular enclosures have not yet disturbed the surface of the picture. Beneath us, at the foot of the hills which were crowned by the noble oaks, under whose shade we reposed, stood the venerable structure of Melton Hall, within whose walls Musæus had passed years of his life, had laid the foundation of his now matured philosophy, and imbibed some of the principles of that science, which he now strove after as the glory of life. All the local attachments of Melton Hall and its environs were nurtured in his heart with the fondness that we bestow upon a volume of poetry; for every object over which age had thrown its dimness was replete with some halycon remembrance, and appealed, by its expressive silence, to the sensibilities of age. In moulding the mind of his pupil, Musæus aimed at the exhibition of life in all those various phases which, in their combined form, constitute the whole drama of our existence.

All art is, necessarily, created and sustained by the study of this exhibition; and the creations of the artist are but the embodiment of expressions held up to view in an imperishable form. It was his maxim that the true education of the mind began with the higher refinement of thought, which succeeds all elementary studies, and looks out upon the world of human action.

"Here," said he, "we find nature and man in all those modifications, from which are to be drawn models for every design. You have gone through the preliminary stages of mental exercise, and have successively passed through those forms of thought, that disciplinary instruction, and those tests of memory and judgment, which aim at the establishment of the intellect, and pass under the name of education; but you never can reap the fruits of all previous exertions, until you allow the course of thought its true and practical direction, which is to wield the pen, and give an abiding shape to the suggestions of your fancy.

The earliest and most natural of these attempts spring from the awakening of the heart's emotions; and in all the outward pictures of life, which form the characteristic, and enter strikingly into the genius of our literature, the designs which bear the coloring of an earnest pathos are, most generally, sought to be presented to our minds, and excite our sympathies. The village that lies beneath us is wrapt in peace, and few sounds are heard coming up from among its dwellings, save those of the evening prayer, in tones of the devotional sacred hymn. Those are quiet homes, and their annals are replete with pleasant and stirring recollections, such as we ever seek to resuscitate from among the perishable events of a past life. Some tranquil and meditative years of my own career were happily spent within those precincts, and the ties which bind me to them are enduringly cemented. Listen to one of my remembrances of an incident which took early hold upon my mind, and furnished many suggestive thoughts upon the philosophy of true pathos. Two gentle youths were sent to Melton Hall, in the innocence of childhood, to be nurtured, reared, and educated within its still recesses. They were brought hither from a West Indian isle, and were led to centre in each other the love they could no longer reciprocate with the parents whom they had left behind.

As the bonds of this concentrated affection became more firmly united, they seemed to exist by a mutual dependence, and the clouds of temper but rarely shadowed over the serenity of the two hearts. These boys grew up in the discharge of reciprocal affection, guided by unanimity of thought, movement and action, exhibiting models of chaste youthfulness and devoted affection; and, as such, presented to all around them the ideal of a twin-born friendship, having its type in Heaven and its materiality on earth. They frequently wandered through these grounds, for I knew them well, and with their playmates spent their hours of recreation and release from study beneath these very oaks. Yet the youngest of these model brothers was a transient flower, and was early culled for Paradise by the hands of its Creator. The climate had proved inauspicious to a naturally fragile frame; the constitution was weakened, life waned, and the boy was placed in the tomb. Many youthful mourners among his fond associates sur-

rounded the spot of interment, shedding tears upon his grave, and bestowing the words of solace upon the sorrowing brother. To him the bereavement came like the stroke of that chastisement which has its alleviation in the youthful flow of life's fountain, receiving and dissipating the sorrows of the hour; for this early stage of the heart's history seldom knows of any abiding wounds. Some chilling night dews may fall on the susceptible mind, but they come not like the autumnal frosts of embittered age.

His companions, in their walks, always roamed near the burial spot, which we observe beautifully situated on the brow of yon hill, commanding the view of an unrivalled landscape. In these strolls, he invariably turned aside to take a wistful look at the grave of his brother, until time, eventually, chased away the stronger impressions, and softened them down into what we term oblivion. But, in accordance with the Wordsworthian idea, personified in "We are seven," the communion with the absent seemed to maintain its spiritual existence within the infantile heart; and the thought was never entirely effaced, that he was still enjoying a fraternal connexion, although his brother was absent from earth. He was fond of imagining that he received communications from his departed playmate, who recognised him and gave him favorable testimonials as to his rectitude,—encouraged him to proceed in the good course of his boyhood, and promising him companionship when called to join him. These visions were in his dreams, and seemed to leave their marked impressions upon him. The sentiment seemed to grow apace, that, though the earthly form was gone, the spiritual one remained. The former was a source of pleasant reminiscence, as it came up again from time to time in the memory, the latter gave wings to some brightening, but inexpressible, hope.

Yet in him, too, the seeds of dissolution were visible; the thread of life was quickly spun; and he became an occupant of a grave, in close proximity to that of his departed brother. Previous to his life's close, the whole subject, which in oblivious moments seemed to pass from him, received its re-awakening, for he often rambled over these grounds, and seemed to muse in pensive contemplation upon the green sod that decked the resting-place of his lost but not yet forgotten associate. Some heavenward impulse seemed to have led him thither, and to have afforded him that spiritual sustenance no longer derived from earthly objects. When his visible form vanished from earth, all those juvenile sympathies were called forth, and sorrowful regrets shed over the tombs of the departed pair, which constitute some of the most pathetic scenes of man's life."

"And do not," I inquired, "juvenile emotion and sentiment, as well as all youthful associations, afford material for a high grade of pathos in writing?"

"It is with the view of illustrating that position that I have given you the above outline. In your first attempt to delineate, you must draw from this, as the most ready and fertile source. The scenes of your picture will here present the most eloquent appeals to the heart; and so deeply laid are the feelings they call forth from every bosom, that the artist never fails of success when he adopts this ground."

"And how do you account for this tend-

ency in juvenile affections, and the strong shades of pathos, drawn from that source?"

"The great moral beauty of their lives, evolved from innocence and simplicity, creates a large portion of the attractiveness of the picture. In the admiration we bestow upon the adult character, many defects, inseparable from human nature, are mingled with virtue, much of the excellence of disposition is marred by the faults, and even vices, incidental to mature age, from all of which we suppose childhood to be exempt. This gives the object its endearing trait, and renders it the most engaging picture of life. From this purity of the early character also, spring the warmest of the emotional affections, exhibited, not only by parent to child, but in a similar degree by the aged towards the young."

"In the sketch you have drawn of an early prey to death, is there not an appeal to the emotions, kindred to those awakened by tragedy?"

"In tragic representation, as founded on actual truth, we experience the pleasure of pain in a similar degree, but the grade of emotion varies from the former, and our sensations are of a different order.

In the former instance, we pass through the process of pure sympathy, mixed up with the loves of an unearthly cast; in the latter, we find blended with the composition of the thought all the workings of matured intellect, passion, and deliberate design. Here are presented two classes of emotion, and, as the subjects founded on juvenile life, in all its artlessness, are most easily grasped, and their representation most readily adapted to popular taste and feeling, I could suggest no more appropriate ground for your earlier attempts at artistic delineation. Here, too, you have the paramount advantage of drawing your supplies from real life, and the impressions drawn from living nature are always the strongest and most awakening; whereas, in tragedy, models for the scenes of your composition are rare, and, in most cases, are borrowed by writers from history and report."

"Yet, are not the elements of composition drawn from past narration more replete with fancy, and, consequently, better adapted to yield to the touch of the master?"

"They are, indeed, wrought out of that spirit of romance, which is blended with all the remote performances of men; but in seeking out models from that source, you will scarcely draw your designs from your own impressions, but from the hearsay of previous writers, and in this species of invention, the artist becomes a mere copyist. In making the subject I have here pointed out to you the theme of your design, you can found your portrayal upon familiar scenes and characters of actual life, whom you have known, and whose vicissitudes and fates have impressed themselves upon your imagination and drawn largely upon your sympathy."

"That peculiar form of our psychological being, which you have termed the pleasure of pain, I have never yet seen analysed; we must assume its existence as essential to our nature, from the universal fondness for the exhibitions of tragic art. Is not pleasure, in witnessing the pictures of Shakspearian tragedy, a result of momentary pain, or are pleasure and pain commingled? When I see the portrayal of an event of which I was an actual witness, I feel the same mental excitement, in some measure, reproduced with-

in me; but the treatment which the plastic hand of the artist bestows upon it, invests it with a spirit of poesy, which mingles with oppressive feeling, and enlivens the soul with admiration for that which previously depressed it."

"In that question we find corporeal and spiritual life bound together, nor can we ever separate the connexion. The pains of animal life often find vent in the throes and disquietudes of spiritual being, and though they seek no succor, they find extinction there. The law renders somewhat equivocal the whole system of medical science, as practised at this day, and if the psychological bearings of that science were more strictly followed, and the laws which govern man's life and growth were regarded as such, where they are termed diseases, we should see, if not a large alleviation of human sufferings, at least a totally different view taken of what is now regarded as corporeal suffering. Spiritual suffering has its safety valve, its outlet; and although this is generally manifested through the body in the thousand forms we witness in ourselves, yet the origin is spiritual. Let us apply the law to tragedy and pathos."

"Yet in the expositions of pathos which we find laid down by most writers, no reference is ever had to physiological laws, but definitions are confined to the moral and intellectual processes of mind. Your elucidation would seem to simplify the thought, by referring every intellectual movement to a counterpart in our corporeal system."

"That is often my design in matters of intellectual illustration, but in the case before us, I dwell upon the indissoluble connexion of our spiritual and corporeal natures. I spoke of the outlet of the morbid affections, which sometimes exhibits itself in the afflictions of the body, sometimes through the mind; in either case, the original cause is the same."

"But how do you apply this theory to the sensations awakened by the artistic exhibitions of tragedy, or scenes of remarkably pathetic delineation? Do you regard them as morbid states of mind, seeking their outlet, by dwelling upon those situations of life, replete with woe and sorrow?"

"The morbid mind often does seek its outlet among such situations, in going in quest, and being the spectator, of actual living scenes of horror and distress; in perusing details of passing events of a similar character, and gloating over their repulsive description. This morbid feeling is most apparent in the vast crowds that throng around the place of a public execution, that attend the performances of pugilism, or seek with avidity the details of murder or suicide. In these instances we see the disease of the mind seeking its outlet; but in the artistic delineations of tragedy, other combinations of thought are brought into play, among which we may recognise as foremost the sense of the beautiful."

"What a wonderful incongruity in the composition of man! And do you really associate the disease of the mind with thoughts of the beautiful?"

"When we dwell upon these remarkable phenomena in the mental character," replied Musæus, "we cannot proceed with the regular analysis to which we subject a chemical compound, defining every constituent portion, and showing each allotted proportion, but our inferences must be vague and open to endless speculation and conjecture."

We could follow Hamlet through his career of madness, agonies, and tragic fate in their living reality, only under the impulse of morbid pleasure.

In witnessing scenes of this description, or in following out real life in its exhibitions of intense suffering, in search of highly wrought excitement, the well known law of sympathy leads us into a corresponding condition, though in a lower degree, and in so far our enjoyment, if such it can be termed, is morbid.

In the application of these exhibitions to the purposes of art, the powers of the master always call forth a sense of the beautiful by the wonders of his delineative faculty, and here we find the seemingly incongruous elements to blend. It is by this process, that our morbid enjoyments pass into the very æsthetic delights, which constitute all the feeling for the works of tragedy and pathos."

"But how do you account for the distinction between the actions of life and their imitation, as the work of the artist?"

"By the true artist no imitation is effected; and if he descend to imitation, we experience emotions, strongly allied to the morbid, called forth by the very living scenes themselves. When the tragic is shown by any æroplastic performance, the work comes within the pale of pure imitation, and calls forth little æsthetic emotion; but when a similar scene is reproduced on canvas or in dramatic poetry, there is an appeal to the standard of true art, and the sense of the beautiful is strongly awakened."

The distinction lies in the contrast between representation and imitation. The former ennobles, the latter degrades, art. Musical composition of the present day is distinguished by these two grades of art. In the one, the true dignity of musical invention is shown by an attempted description of the inner emotions, excited by the exhibition of outward objects and actions; in the other, the science is lowered, and a false taste ushered in by a frivolous imitation of the external object or action, in the vain attempt at description. The blending, therefore, of the morbid and æsthetic emotions is to be traced to the form of representation through which the action passes. All the living scenes of pathos, in their passage through the same medium, are transformed into pictures of real beauty, and transmute every morbid inclination of the mind into the chastened condition of æsthetic admiration."

"The history of art verifies all this; yet it is mysterious to me why this transmutation of the morbid into healthy action takes place, in passing through certain forms of language or pictorial portrayal. Many deeds of woe, communicated through prose, convey to the feelings all the horrors of the reality; poetry and painting invest them with a certain air of beauty. How strange the transformation!"

"For the nearer elucidation of this, we must refer to the power and influence of all plastic adornment, which impart to human action the aspect of beauty; this must be traced, in part, to the powers of the master spirit who enters into the work, moulds it after the pattern of his own genius, and infuses into it the fascinating graces of his own wonderful intellect, and the all subduing sway of his personality."

In the Shakspearian Hamlet, this latter qualification throws its influence over us; but apart from any species of authority coming

from that writer, the truly beautiful in the composition of the pathetic is found in the proper admixture and intermingling of the emotions, changing the current of joy into grief. This is a striking feature in some of the most skilful designs of every artist who aims at moving the susceptibility of reader or spectator. There is a sublime contrast in the spectacle of joy, suddenly cast into grief; and we can trace this as one of the elementary conditions of many passages in the immortal works of our literature."

While our discourse was thus culminating to a point that seemed to give clearness and distinctness to the vision of the understanding on various points which had hitherto remained obscure and unintelligible, the evening was growing into night, and we were warned of the lateness of the hour by the strokes of the clock sounding plaintively and curfew-like from the spire of Melton Hall. In pleasing conjunction with these sounds, the group of singers, who had performed the quartette of Kuhlau, were once more heard, and in closing their vocal entertainment for the evening, sung an appendage to the Goethian stanza, which seemed to run thus:—

Adieu! for o'er thee night hath come;
Now hie thee to thy peaceful home,

And, slumbering, rest.

Stay, till with her expanded wing,
Approaching morn her joys shall bring
To all earth's blest.

Wake not, wake not from sweetest dream!
For beauteous scenes from heaven shall seem
To visit thee.

From realms of light, where spirits roam,
Some fair, angelic form shall come,
Thy guide to be.

While emerging from the woody recess, among the captivating solitudes of which we were wont to spend many pleasant hours, and which, this evening, had been the scene of interesting colloquy, Musæus made a casual reference to the aims and destinies of my future life.

He led me, in imagination, across the vast sea of time, and placed before my mind's vision many of those prominent objects upon which the eye of the traveller reposes when his pilgrimage has been long and arduous.

"In the Eldorado," said he, "we find typified one of the characteristic portions of early life, which is ever in search of a gilded phantom, that is seen by the pursuer but never reached. Your happiness finds its sustenance in the very incredulity with which you regard many of the impossibilities of life; and the sanguine hope which buoys up and animates every action, renders youth a pleasing picture to dwell upon."

It may occupy some years before we arrive at the termination of the voyage upon which we have set out; but let us, in the course of this eventful mission, seize upon every favorable opportunity to study nature, scan the powers and capacities of man, and dissect the composition of his mind.

Let us repose within the tranquil home we have selected in the village to which we are now repairing, and, on a future occasion, it shall be my purpose to lead you into some of the details of my scholastic life, and unfold the process by which the mind receives its normal impressions and most striking developments."

NOTE.—The leading principle, into the study of which Musæus here seeks to lead his pupil, is, that there exists an outlet to

mental and physical disease. This law is pointed out in all the exhibitions of human pathology, where we see spiritual and bodily sufferings so indissolubly bound with the whole tenor of life, that they find a place among its requirements. These sufferings, both of the intellect and the flesh, are wont to seek alleviation; the one repairing to the physician of the heart, the other to the physician of the body; and, in the general desire for some medicament to allay the intensity of suffering, be it mental or physical, reference is seldom had to the absolute necessity of the existence of that suffering, nor is the law observed, or *even believed in*, that its sudden compression is incompatible with a well-regulated economy of the human system. The abnormal state of mind and body, known by the designation of disease, and, as such, sought to be stifled instead of being revered as an insurmountable law of our being, would seem, in the aggregate, to form a large proportion of the life of every individual. In many the current of affliction is regular and even, dividing in such wise the joys and sorrows of this earth, that the stream along which they glide would seem almost uniform; whereas, in others, the placid surface and the rushing rapids that mark the passage of time, show more strongly the great contrast through which we pass. In the law of suffering, of whatsoever nature, we are led to ascribe to the endurance of pain an indispensable state of being, forming one of the necessities of life, which Musæus denominates the *oulet*. He, at the same time, attempts to solve the enigma, which may be regarded as having some affinity with the above question, why sympathetic passion passes into enjoyment, by attributing the change to the transit of the event through the mind of the artist.

THE LIFE OF DR. OLIN.*

A year since (*Literary World*, No. 277), we commented on the sound intellectual characteristics displayed in the collection of the writings of Dr. Olin, noticing, particularly, a vigorous and manly development, which reflected the highest honor on the Methodist Church of this country, to which this cultivated thinker always stood in prominent representative relations. His biography, now published, confirms our high impression of his mental powers, and impresses us with an equal sense of, what we may call, the personal value of the man. He was a genuine American growth,—one of a class, which, it is one of the best omens for the country, is numerously to be found occupying our pulpits of all denominations, and the various seats of learning throughout the land. Dr. Olin was a strongly-marked, self-developed product of the best New England stock.

He was born in Vermont, in the year 1797, of a family which first settled in Rhode Island, in 1678. His father, who attained the dignity of a judge of the Supreme Court in Vermont, was a man of force of character, and what we always look for in the Court calendar of intellectual descent, of genuine humor. One who remembers him, contributes a reminiscence of him to these volumes:—

"I have known," says Mr. A. F. Perry, of Ohio, "a great many distinguished men, of almost every grade of celebrity, but none who

left a stronger impression on my mind for originality and benevolence, strong sense, and good humor. I see him now, in my mind's eye, as I used to see him daily, riding in his substantial one-horse wagon, the seat of which he appeared entirely to fill, unless when some one squeezed in like a wedge beside him. When passing a neighbor's house of a summer's day, he would stop in the street, or under some convenient shade, his wagon, which would at once be surrounded by the family, men, women, and children, and, without alighting, he would tell them a few favorite stories and pass on. Many a man has thus been beguiled of his day's work—many a woman has suffered her nearly-cooked dinner to spoil, and many a child forgotten its playthings. While his hearers were bursting with roars of laughter, the judge would remain composed, and apparently asleep; but as the laughter began to subside in others, it began to operate in himself. There would be an opening of the eyes, broad, beaming with fun; then an internal shaking of the body by two or three long-suppressed convulsions, which did not move the muscles of his face, and the matter ended."

A singular anecdote is given, in illustration of the mother's Calvinism:

"In 1788, Henry Olin married Lois Richardson one of a family of twelve children, who all lived to mature age, and were all members of a Baptist church in the east part of Cheshire, Massachusetts. On a Thanksgiving day, memorable in the family history, the sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, twenty-three in number, went to church in company, and listened to a sermon preached by their pastor in reference to this family gathering. Mrs. Olin was a tall, slender woman, of a delicate constitution, and a meek and quiet spirit. Though a Baptist, she frequently attended Methodist class-meetings, and, hearing a Christian friend explain the doctrine of sanctification as held by the Methodist Church, she said that she described her own feelings. Her unobtrusive piety and the daily beauty of her life exerted a genial and powerful influence over her large family, to whose interests she entirely devoted herself, though she abstained from the direct inculcation of heavenly truth or the cultivation of religious habits. In this she was 'principled to do wrong'; she offered fervent prayers for her children, and taught them to read the Bible; but she was so afraid of encouraging a merely formal religion, that she never taught them to pray, not even to say 'Our Father,' lest they should 'draw near unto God with their lips, while their hearts were far from him.'"

"It was the fault not of her piety, but of the high Calvinism of her Baptist creed, and of the age when children were not cared for in the Sabbath-school, and were left by pious parents in the far-off land, till the converting grace of God should find them out."

The early influences of Dr. Olin's Vermont home, and the impression of that single book, which bears so prominent a part in the history of so many eminent literary men, are well set forth in the following passage:—

"Judge Olin directed his son's reading, and took great interest in the cultivation of his expanding powers. The influences playing upon the boy were not unfavorable to his physical and mental development. Constant companionship with his father, whose practical good sense, keen perceptions, and ready wit made his conversation stimulating and instructive—as he grew older, the alternations of diligent study with the hardy labors of the farm, which gave him muscular vigor—and the ever-varying aspects of nature throughout the rolling year, as rising and setting suns shone upon the

near and distant mountains—all formed a part of his education as much as the humble teachings of the district school whither he went to recite his daily task. The variegated and extensive landscape that lay around him may have trained his eye to that delicate appreciation of the beautiful and grand in nature which was so valuable to him in his wanderings—his practical knowledge of agricultural operations gave him an intelligent interest in the soils and modes of tillage in other lands; and the knowledge derived from his father of public life made him ever a watchful observer of the political aspects of his own as well as foreign countries.

"Thus was a good foundation laid for the large experience of life he was to obtain as a traveller. Whether that huge *History or Geography of the World and Rollin's Ancient History* contributed to this preparation, cannot with certainty be affirmed. The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, and principal of the *Lancashire Independent College*, of England, bought a *History of the World*, in two folio volumes, with his first guinea, at auction, went home with these huge books on his shoulder, and sat up till midnight turning over their pages. He carefully read them through and through, and to the possession of these books he attributed, in a great measure, any honors in connexion with literature that have been added to his name. When Dr. Olin stood on the field of Marathon, he found himself looking on the whole scene as one with which he had formerly been familiar, so true had been the picture drawn by his boyish imagination of this battle-field, its semicircle of mountains, from which the brave Greeks rushed on their foes, and thence upon which the discomfited Persians found a refuge."

We might linger over these early traits, always of interest, and the story of men of genius, confident of getting our best knowledge of the secret strength of character from them.

A glimpse of College-life at Middlebury, puts the student before us in a distinctive light:—

"At the time spoken of, Dr. Olin was nineteen years old, and of truly colossal mould. His frame was very large, more than six feet high, broad shoulders, with ample well-proportioned limbs—his head was magnificent, and the activity of his brains proportioned to their immense volume—his hands and feet were much larger than those of ordinary men. His face was of the oval form, large, sallow, rather inexpressive, and surmounted with a broad and ample forehead. His voice was sonorous, and deeply toned, and of great power and compass when exerted. His great size, when young, was a frequent source of embarrassment and mortification, which he never wholly overcame. He often made it the topic of facetious remark. His gesticulation, when ever so animated, seemed forced and constrained. He never declaimed, in his turn, before the class or in the college chapel without suffering more or less from this cause. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Olin, and of hearing him speak, his gestures exhibited their early characteristics, and there was apparently the same constraint as when young. He always, from his personal appearance, commanded attention and respect."

"Dr. Olin was frank, cordial, and eminently sociable with his friends—entertained a high sense of honor and veracity—never condescended to a mean thing—was remarkably civil to everybody, and very slow to anger. He was moral in his conduct, exemplary in his language, and punctiliously exact in the performance of every duty. His religious sentiments, if indeed he had any, were gathered

* *The Life and Letters of Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D., late President of the Wesleyan University.* 2 vols. Harpers.

from infidel views, and had spread a web of doubt over his mind of the darkest shade."

These early doubts and difficulties were, however, soon resolved by a strong impression of the course of Christian duty which he ever afterwards unceasingly pursued. In his twenty-fourth year, while engaged as a teacher in a newly-founded seminary in South Carolina, he becomes a Methodist preacher; and, in a letter to an old classmate, not long afterwards, he thus alludes to his views at the time:—

"In knowing that I am a Methodist, you, of course, know my creed, for I embrace that of my sect very heartily. I should be glad to know how far your religious opinions correspond with this creed. There are two interpretations given to the creed of the Episcopal Church; one Calvinistic, against which my understanding and my heart alike revolt; the other leaves it much the same, or, rather, just like the Methodist. I should like to know to which of these classes of Episcopalians your sentiments attach you. Soon after I embraced religion, I resolved to be an Episcopalian. I afterwards became convinced that I might be more useful as a Methodist, among whom is more of the power of godliness. More experience has confirmed and strengthened this preference, but it has not weakened my regard for the Episcopal Church; and be assured that it gives me great pleasure to learn that you are about to become one of her members."

Of his South Carolina impressions, this allusion in one of his letters, in 1821, is one of the few passages preserved outside of his personal history:—

"South Carolina, and the Southern States generally, are the paradise of physicians. In many parts of the country they acquire fortunes in a few years, and everywhere the practice is highly lucrative. The profession is highly respectable in character and acquirements. A considerable portion of the practitioners take their degrees in the medical colleges of Philadelphia and Baltimore. If doctors obtain wealth, honors and offices are wholly engrossed by lawyers. The elections are made by a general ticket in each district, some of which are sixty and even eighty miles square. Lawyers, by their profession, are most extensively known, and this greatly facilitates their election. But what most favors them is a state pride, which is the distinguishing characteristic of all classes of people in this state. Of this every one must be sensible who reads the papers, or who is at all acquainted with the state of public feeling. Even a New Yorker, in his most sonorous eulogies upon Clinton, King, Kent, and the grand canal, would blush at the things that are said and sung of the Calhouns, the Pinckneys, and the Lowndes of Carolina. A South Carolinian would deem it a disgrace to be represented by a man who could not make a speech. Public expectation now is fixed upon McDuffie, member of the next Congress from Abbeville. I do not know him, but he is deemed a prodigy, and the people tremble lest he should be torn from them for some of the departments or a foreign embassy."

In 1826, we find him a Professor of Belles Lettres in Franklin College, Athens, Georgia; and in 1832, President of a Methodist Institution, the Randolph Macon College, in Virginia, in which he undertook the departments of Mental and Moral Science, Belles Lettres, and Political Philosophy. In 1837, driven thither by ill-health, he visits Europe and the East, on a protracted journey of several years, publishing a book of Eastern travels on his return. His last post of duty, varied by another visit to Europe, during which he

was delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in London, in 1846, was the Presidency of the Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut. He died in 1851, at the age of fifty-four.

Of the numerous descriptions in the Letters, of foreign scenes, visited by Dr. Olin, the sketches of Naples and Berlin may be referred to, for their clearness and extent of observation. Their novelty, to be sure, on such old ground, is not remarkable; but their significance, in such passages as these, is by no means yet exhausted:—

TITLES AND ORDERS IN BERLIN.

"There seems to be a passion for a dress that shall distinguish the wearer from the common multitude. Not only have public functionaries their appropriate costume—collectors, postmasters, letter-carriers, post-drivers, &c.—but the drivers of hackney-coaches and droskies have their red collars, their cockades, their huge buttons, with inscriptions suited to their several functions. This eagerness for visible marks of distinction is manifested among the higher, or, rather among all classes, by the display of the badges of nobility or merit which are here conferred by the government with a lavish profusion, which would, in any other country but Germany, depreciate their value, and reflect ridicule rather than honor upon the wearer. Not so, however, here. The most insignificant token of this sort is paraded ostentatiously on all occasions. The Prussian gentleman is not dressed without having these badges of high birth or honorable service in full display. A ribbon, red, white, purple, or party-colored, is tied in the button-hole of his coat; stars, crosses, &c., suspended by ribbons or golden chains around the neck, glitter upon the breast, and indicate to the initiated the rank of the favored wearer, and the degree of respect that ought to be paid him. These outward symbols of nobility or merit are not confined to the rich and great. At the close of the late war with France, new orders were instituted, to distinguish those who had made heroic efforts or generous sacrifices in that great national struggle; and one often sees soldiers, shopmen, or even laboring men, with these coveted testimonials of royal approbation. It is affirmed by travellers that this ridiculous fondness for titles and orders is on the decline, and this the rapid progress of education and the great prevalence of intelligence would induce us to expect; but the decline must be slow and imperceptible indeed, which, having been begun a half century since, still imposes so little restraint upon this national foible. It is still accounted the height of ill breeding to address a gentleman by his proper name. His title only is to be named; and even ladies are insulted by the familiarity of calling them by their husband's name, rather than his office."

After describing the degrading mode of burial of unclothed bodies in a common pit at Naples, he thus speaks of some of the influences and concomitants of such a scene:—

BRUTALITY AND INSULT AT NAPLES.

"I do not know whether this disgusting method of disposing of the dead prevails elsewhere. I saw a cemetery of the same kind at Rome, but hope the remains of humanity deposited in it are at least treated with more decency and reverence. This is demanded by every consideration of sound policy, as well as the higher dictates of religion and humanity. Nothing can tend more strongly to degrade and brutalize the lowest classes. However prostrate they may be in life, there is at least something consoling, and even elevating, in the thought that in death the rich and the poor meet together, and that religion will hal-

low the humblest grave, and protect the dust which waits for the resurrection and eternal life from profane violation. I cannot help ascribing some part of the degradation and wretchedness of the poor to this brutal and unchristian practice. It must be confessed, however, that the humble classes of Naples are not familiarized with insult for the first time at the mouth of the grave. They are elsewhere treated with a degree of brutality that I have not witnessed in other countries. The lowest agent of the police does not hesitate to inflict blows at discretion. A gentleman's servant will clear a passage for his master's carriage by a free use of his cane. Indeed, I have reason to believe that any well-dressed man can strike one of the common people without the least danger. I have several times seen them subjected to this indignity without making any complaint, or manifesting the slightest symptom of either shame or resentment; and this, I am assured, is a thing of daily and hourly occurrence. It would be unreasonable to expect courage, enterprise, or the more passive virtue of common honesty from a populace that can have no respect for themselves. They must, of course, be base, mendacious, and dishonest. There is no room for patriotism or loyalty."

With that noticeable passage, we take leave of these memorials of Dr. Olin. Though they follow the fashion of the times for memoirs, and fall short of a succinct, thoroughly elaborated biography, these volumes—containing the joint contributions of Dr. McClintock, Dr. Holdich, and many other faithful friends—must form a most acceptable record of the life of a man whose memory deserves long to be cherished by his denomination, and the American public, with respect.

READ'S POEMS.*

It is precisely ten years since Mr. Read, in commencing to write lyrical poems for the *Boston Courier*, as a relaxation in his profession as artist, was hailed by the critics as a true poet. Four years afterwards his modesty was conquered, in a volume of poems, with the Boston imprint. Another collection in Philadelphia, the succeeding year, has been now displaced by the present "new and enlarged edition."

Three editions in ten years, and a full, frank and hearty recognition, by a leading British Review, is no despicable progress. Dr. Johnson would have prated of such a thing—a reputation made and digested in less time than he grubbed out his dictionary! Will the luxuriant clover of Alexander Smith stand the scythe of time so well?

There is one precinct in the realms of poetry which Mr. Read may soon inclose with his own neat lyrical fence, and warn off all trespassers—the precinct of descriptive nature. In like simile, the dramatic domain is evidently compactly walled off from his excursions. "The Deserted Road," "The Way-side Spring," "The Summer Shower," and "The Hazel Dell," are unmistakably more his pet places of resort than the home of "The Alchemist's daughter," which his friend "Boker" should have seen to it was not again invaded after a first edition.

Mr. Read does not evidently despise his earlier efforts, but preserves for them the attachment which the matron retains for the bridal dress, which is turned and remodelled to the best advantage, as often as demanded

* Poems, by Thomas Buchanan Read. A new and enlarged edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

by use. We find many of these improved and rounded. To the "Invitation," comes a new verse, which is highly felicitous in description, and might have been claimed as portion of a Gray elegiac:—

"The winds unkenelled round the casements whine,

The sheltered bound makes answer in his dream;

And in the hayloft, bark! the cock at nine,
Crows from the dusty beam."

In another verse of the same poem, the word hail is substituted for snow:—

"Or when November from his windy floor
Winnows the hail and rain."

The exchanged word may be more truthful for the season, but it is not so felicitous. Let our poet walk through the flour-mills of Monsieur Hecker, Prince of Farina, &c., &c., and say if we be not right.

The poem, "A Butterfly in the City," might be claimed by Bryant, and become a new gem in his poetic diadem, to shine by the side of his stanzas "To a Waterfowl."

Place side by side the verse—

"Dear transient spirit of the fields,
Thou com'st without distrust
To fan the sunshine of our streets
Among the noise and dust"—

of the former poem, and of the latter the one commencing

"All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere."

In the poem by Mr. Read, entitled "The Closing Scene," is another reminder of Bryant:—

"And croaked the crow through all the
dreamy gloom."

Writes Bryant in his "Death of the Flowers":—

"And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day."

Poe would have called this flat plagiarism, but it is nothing more than a conjunction of description of a scene in nature, where to each poet opens the same landscape with kindred sympathies.

Our poet certainly hits Shakspeare very closely in the following line of the same poem:—

"Where sang the noisy masons of the caves,
As the great bard hath it:—

"The singing masons building roofs of gold."

There is but one sentence of advice which the candid critic may have to offer Mr. Read, and that is, "avoiding the melodramatic and the sentimental, stick to the interpretation of nature." This office to the American poet is essentially an inviting one. Images like the following are not to be mistaken in their quality of apt beauty: from

"THE SUMMER SHOWER.

"Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet."

From

"THE CLOSING SCENE.

"The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate falls."

But when the sentimental and the melodramatic are in our poet's head, how commonplace he becomes. e. g.:—

"We have vowed to love each other in the
golden morning land,

When our names from earth have vanished,
Like the writing from the sand."

An image as ancient as the Philistine Dagon, from

"THE ALCHEMIST'S DAUGHTER.

"Well, if it must be, then it must:
But I would swear that what I said is truth,
Tho' all the devils from the deepest pit
Should rise to contradict me."

This will do for your hackney playwright, and not even a dozen good things are recompense in a play for such Adelphic balderdash.

Once more say we, "stick to the interpretation of nature," good poet, and thou shalt be one of the Muses' high priests.

PETERSON'S RHODE ISLAND.*

THIS is a very entertaining and instructive record of historical incident in the career of one of the oldest, smallest, and most interesting of the States of our Union.

It embraces and exhibits whatever is attractive to the statesman, historian, and antiquary, and extends over the whole period of our knowledge of the island. The miscellaneous range through which the pen of the chronicler wanders and disports itself, imparts a chain of constant novelty to his pages. We have at one time a description of the island—then something of the Indian natives—arrival of the Quakers—a Character of Roger Williams—a smart touch of Piracy—an Ode on the Chair of State—Captivity of Louisburgh—Genealogy of an ancient Rhode Island Family—Bishop Berkeley (name ever to be remembered with honor in that seat of his generosity)—Capture of a Packet-ship by a Refugee Boat—the Old Stone Mill—Anecdote of a Lady and her Lover at Hog-Hole—and a hundred topics of rare and curious interest.

The author loves his subject, which is the first and most important step towards making us love it. He writes in a simple, unaffected way; and, like an honest man, wherever an original statement in language, other than his own, tells the story best, he employs that. Such is the variety and excellence of Mr. Peterson's work, that we presume every soul of Rhode Island will possess himself of a copy, and cherish it as the best memorial of the State of his nativity and affections.

With a passing reference to several well executed illustrative engravings, we take, by almost random selections, two or three passages, to show the excellent staple of the book:—

"LONGEVITY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE ISLAND.

"Mr. Nicholas Easton, who came, in 1638, from Hampton to Newport, lived to 1675, when he died a very ancient man. His son, Mr. John Easton, who as his father was divers times Governor of the Colony, died in 1705, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Mr. H. Bull, one of the eighteen that incorporated themselves at the first, was Governor of the colony, and lived to an advanced age. Mr. Edward Thurston, who was assistant in 1675, and many times deputy for Newport, died 1786-7, aged ninety years.

"Many such instances might be given, and many of the second generation, such I mean as were born within the first twenty or twenty-five years, reached to fourscore and some ninety years. If we consider the longevity of many of the first-comers, notwithstanding the hardships and distresses they underwent, and the change of climate, diet, &c.,

* History of Rhode Island. By Rev. Edward Peterson. New York: John G. Taylor, 17 Ann-street.

and to this add the great age of many of their children, we cannot call the country unhealthy, or the inhabitants short lived; and to this day, perhaps, there is no spot that can be compared to the island for the duration of human life."

"NEWPORT AND NEW YORK.

"As late as 1769, Newport outrivalled New York, in her foreign and domestic commerce. The inhabitants of New York, New Haven, New London, &c., depended entirely on Newport for a market to supply themselves with foreign goods, and here they found a ready market for the produce of their own States.

"Newport, at this period, was the grand emporium of trade. We have heard aged men remark, 'that they have known of the arrival of eighteen West Indians in one day.' It was said, at that period, however strange it may sound, 'that possibly New York might, in time, equal Newport.' A degree of activity then prevailed, which would astonish us at this day."

"ADMIRAL WAGER.

"It is perhaps not generally known, even by the reading public, that the celebrated Admiral Wager, of the British navy, when a boy, was bound apprentice to a quaker, of the name of John Hull, who sailed a vessel between Newport (Rhode Island), and London; and in whose service he probably learned the rudiments of that nautical skill, as well as that upright honor and integrity, for which he is so much lauded by his biographer. The circumstance of running his master's vessel over a privateer, first recommended him to an advantageous place in the British navy. The facts of this encounter, as near as I can gather them, are these: the privateer was a small schooner, full of men, and was about boarding the ship of Capt. Hull, whose religious scruples prevented him from taking any measures of a hostile nature. After much persuasion from young Wager, the peaceable captain reined to his cabin, and gave the command of his ship to his apprentice. His anxiety, however, induced him to look out from the companion way, and occasionally give directions to the boy, who, he perceived, designed to run over the privateer, saying to him, 'Charles, if thee intends to run over that schooner, thou must put the helm a little more to the starboard.' The ship passed directly over the schooner, which instantly sunk, with every soul on board.

"On one occasion, when the admiral was in Newport, Capt. Hull called at the coffee-house to see his former apprentice, and seeing a lieutenant there, asked him, 'Where is Charles?' at which the lieutenant took umbrage, and threatened to chastise the old quaker for his insolence, in not speaking more respectfully of his admiral. When Wager heard of it, he took occasion to reprove the lieutenant before Capt. Hull, saying, 'Mr. Hull, sir, is my honored master.'

"The certificate of marriage of John Hull, which is of parchment, among the witnesses, bears the signature of the mother of Admiral Wager, thus, 'Prudence Wager.'

"John Hull died at Conanicut, on the 1st day of December, 1732, aged seventy-eight years."

"FAMILY EXTRACT.

"The family of Wantons, from having occupied a high position in the colony, by

their subsequent conduct, in opposing all measures of resistance against the invaders of their country, and also in favoring the British interest at the expense of the rights and liberties of the colonies, died a political death. Governor Wanton is said to have been a man 'of amiable disposition, elegant manners, handsome person, and splendid appearance. He dressed in the finest style of the times, with a large white wig, with three curls, one falling down his back, and one forward of each shoulder.' His likeness is placed in the Redwood Library. He died at Newport, July 19, 1780, aged 75 years, and was interred in the family vault in the Clifton burial place. The name has become extinct in Newport. His former residence in Thames street, is now owned by the heirs of the late Captain Robert Lawton."

ALEXANDER SMITH'S POETRY.

(From a subtle review from the pen of E. P. Whipple, in *Graham's Magazine* for July.)

AND first, there is no sign in the volume of a great nature. There is much fluency in the expression of tumultuous feeling, and of images dancing on the surface of the mind, but no essential depth and strength of individuality. The mind of the author feebly follows impulses from without, riots in rich sensations, and seems incapable of shaping, directing, or even selecting his materials. There would be ground for hope if he occasionally stuttered forth something indicating power in reserve, or greatness in the making. As his faculties and sentiments, such as they are, are not condensed into one individuality, but act of their own sweet or sour will, there is no creative power in him—no putting forth of that personal energy in which will, reason, imagination and passion are combined in one intellectual act. This anarchy of the mind, though it promises badly for the future eminence of a poet, always makes his first efforts startle and please by the very audacity of their lawlessness. This was the case with "Festus," a poem written by Bailey when he was of Smith's age (twenty-one), and which is still placed by many readers not only above any of Tennyson's poems, but on an equality with *Paradise Lost*. When that poem appeared, every thing was hoped from a youth who displayed such surprising genius at the start; but it was apparent then, to all who had studied the vital processes of intellectual growth and development, that he would never come to anything; that his poem, with all its waste fertility, was essentially a sham poem; and exhibited none of those traits of pure creative genius manifested even in the failures of Tennyson, Browning, and Miss Elizabeth Barrett. It is needless to say that Bailey's seeming powers have faded with age. His second poem was an unreadable humbug, as his first was a readable one; and the poet who was a Milton at twenty-one, is little more than a Hayley at thirty. His impulses cooled, and his appetites burnt out, the comparative littleness of his native power is manifest.

This absence of essential greatness in the nature of Alexander Smith, as far as we can judge from the present volume, exhibits itself in all the modes in which his mind operates. In respect to emotion, he rarely rises above the objects of sensation. Like all poets of his kind, he is destitute of morality or modesty. The directness with which he expresses desire may strike some

readers as the delightful frankness of youth, but to us it simply indicates that his impulses and appetites have not yet attained to the dignity of passions. A vague aspiration, unaccompanied by any of that inspiration which brings the mind in direct contact with the objects of aspiration, which is little more than a delirious egotism of impulse, is his most hopeful emotional quality. The thoughts that would naturally take their rise from such a tumult of sensations, are few and feeble, embodying no essential truth, and having their source in no vigorous faculty of thinking. But in addition to these, he has caught and expressed the ideas which the transcendental poets of the day have made common property; and he mingles them with his own desires after marble-browed women with droll effect. In virtue of possessing these great spiritual truths, he of course, dogmatizes, à la Festus, on religious matters, in a manner the most ridiculous and irreverent. But for any consistent or guiding thoughts, original or imported, the reader will look in vain.

This weakness of will, ravenousness of impulse, and poverty of thought, do not promise much for the imaginative faculty in Mr. Alexander Smith. In regard to impassioned imagination, he is, of course, deficient. A man whose appetites have hardly yet been purified and condensed into passions, could hardly be expected to rise still higher, and pour passion through the imagination, endowing it with electric and irradiating power. But he has some imagination, though it exists in him, as his other faculties and impulses exist in him, detached from will. But this power, to which we would naturally look for the fusion of his various qualities into one whole, and literally make a man of him, is not very powerfully exhibited in his volume, and seems to be the weakest of all his powers. Here we feel his deficiencies as a poet most acutely. Imagination, if dominant among the tendencies of his mind, before it became a shaping power, would emit an idealizing, celestial light over the tumult of his sensibility; it would subtly indicate a sweet and harmonizing reserve of power, which might eventually be called into creative action. But there is no remoteness in Alexander Smith. Every thing in him is glaringly represented, with no suggestion of any thing beyond. It was so with Bailey, in "Festus,"—a poem which indicated no ideality, for we do not call by that name those pictures of the brain which appetite creates for its own gratification.

There is also no essential melody in Alexander Smith. He writes musically, more musically than Robert Browning or Elizabeth Browning uniformly writes, but he does not sing his own thoughts to his own tunes. His ideas are not born in melody. The thought, as Emerson would say, does not make its own tune, but is adapted to some other. Now, we cannot conceive of a closer test than this to apply to a poet, who comes before us with the pretensions of Smith. We defy any reader to point to a passage in the volume where the melody is not borrowed. The language, we acknowledge, is fresh, but the form of the verse is old. Now, in a thoroughly original poet, who labors to express the music of his own nature, the very raggedness and ruggedness of his first attempts are hopeful signs, if there escape, here and there, some tones which strike the ear and the mind as

positive additions to the music of words. Does any critic suppose that the discords in Elizabeth Browning's early poems resulted from an incapacity to write smooth verses in familiar metres? Emerson's poems are often unmusical, but who would account for it by alleging his incompetence to imitate Scott's octosyllabics, or Moore's quatrains? If it be objected to all this, that Byron's early poems indicated neither originality of melody nor thought, the answer is plain. From Byron's early poems, a great poet could be no more inferred than from the mediocre productions which now every day drop from the press, and die the day they are born. His powers were displayed only when a harsh experience of life had stung them into action. The Byron of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred" is not visible in the Byron of the "Hours of Idleness." But the whole argument of the friends of the present poet proceeds on the ground, that this volume not only contains the seeds of great genius, but that they have actually germinated and blossomed out in it. It is because that what there is in him is so unmistakably represented in his first productions, that we consider his poems to supply the materials of predicting his future.

When we apply the last test of imagination, and examine the evidences presented of the shaping power of that marvellous faculty—the power of organizing a body of verse around a central idea which acts as its soul—we shall have little disagreement with the eulogists of Alexander Smith. The impudence of puffing cannot go so far as to pronounce a "Life-Drama," the principal poem in the collection, a work of art. It lies along the page so utterly shapeless, that it appeals to the compassion of the intellect by its very helplessness and hopelessness of form; and to point out its un-ideal unreality, its impotence to make character, incident, and sentiment any thing more than pegs to hang comparisons on, would be to "waste criticism on unresisting imbecility." The confusion of mind in which Smith's poems have their birth, is exaggerated to caricature in the plan of this "Life-Drama." It answers to the full meaning of Dryden's celebrated couplet—

"Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

But it is said that the volume is laden with beautiful and striking images—"fresh, vivid, concrete images," says the *Westminster Review*, "actually present to the poet's mind, and thrown out with a distinctness and a delicacy only poets can achieve." We gratefully acknowledge the images, but we cannot bow down and worship them. The disease of the poet's mind is a constipation of thought and flux of metaphor. Now, in this matter of imagery, the laws and processes of the creative faculty are so plain, that all who run may read. The characteristic of Imagination is, that she gives the thought in the image, not the thought and the image. She writes in hieroglyphics, of which nature furnishes the signs, and the human heart the key. She speaks in pictures. But if we analyse the image, we find not merely a beautiful form, but a living sentiment and idea constituting its soul, and giving to the sensible form a spiritual significance. So indissoluble is the union, that the form often becomes stereotyped, and passes into the common speech of a nation as the expression of thought or feeling. But

Mr. Alexander Smith has few, if any, images of this kind. He is content with a purely arbitrary or purely fanciful connexion between thought and its sign. He gets his images first, and then tacks them to notions with which they have no vital agreement. They lie on his page in heaps, surprising the eye by their abundance, but linking no permanent truth or emotion with a beautiful sensuous sign. Their chief effect is to introduce a kind of tipsy disorder into the appearances of earth and sky, and to disrobe them of all the significance they may have to ordinary observers. But we cannot bring to mind a single instance in which he has detected a new relation and correspondence between the human soul and visible nature, and so expressed it that we are startled and pleased by a perception of its truth and a feeling of its beauty.

THE DISTINCTION OF RANKS.

(From a Correspondent of the London *Morning Advertiser*.)

THE suggestive remarks of "Percy," in to-day's *Morning Advertiser*, induce me to pen a few thoughts which I have long had on this subject, and which I think reach the very foundations of it. This broad, ineffaceable distinction of ranks is felt in England more than any other country. No man, let him do what he pleases, can wipe out of society's recollection that he cannot count kindred with one of William the Conqueror's fellow-robbers. It takes two generations of the peerage to do it, and even then his poor lordship is a *parvenu*.

But I wish, Sir, to go, as I said, to the bottom of this matter; and I will tell "Percy" and your readers, what it appears to me to be, if he and they will allow me. It is very simply this, that we do not understand the nature of the relationship between "master and servant." We do not distinguish between the man and the office. We never allow men to be off duty. We keep daily forging our own chains by the way we speak and think. We ask, or are asked, continuously what is this man or that one. We ask it in our law-courts even. Now, it is very right every man should, as "Percy" says, have an occupation. The more varied they are the better. And when a man is performing that duty which he has undertaken to do, then it is right to say he is a soldier, a sailor, a diplomatist, a baker, a carpenter, a literary man, an emperor, or a footman, or any other profession, business, or occupation. I mean no disrespect to any. The blunder we commit is to hold—once a soldier, always one; once a carpenter, or an emperor, always, and at all times of the day and night, they are held and treated as carpenters and emperors. In fact, we confound the man off duty with the duty he has been performing. And we make a gross blunder in doing so, which, more than anything I know, is vulgar, and often disgusting. Superior minds have, in every age, had a glimpse of a better and higher light. It is to be hoped we shall now have the speedy dawning of those, and other great truths, all over the world. France, for instance, however despotic the supreme government may be, is prepared very much to see this. So is America, for all its English inoculation. I am far indeed from blaming the manly honesty and fearlessness of the English character, and their intelligent appreciation of duty. They have only carried the idea too far, to a hurtful extent. They would

never let any one, not even themselves, off duty. Their common language is, so and so is a butcher; another a licensed victualler, and so on; as if those persons were to be regarded in no other light than as butchers or licensed victuallers, or of any other professional occupation.

We all know that it is very much the way in France, that when persons meet on fête days, and at holidays, they meet as off duty. He who on other days and at work is a tradesman, shopkeeper, or professional man, ceases to be so then. They are on a footing of equality very much when off duty. Here we may thank ourselves if we have so little freedom from the bonds of difference of ranks. We do not accustom ourselves, nor allow one another to drop the occupations or the titles of our daily avocations. As they say in Dublin, we never "sink the shop,"—rather a vulgar saying, but expressive.

The operation of this mode of treating each other is so gradual and universal, that it is not seen and felt, but it is none the less strong. We really ought to strive against it. Education would do a great deal.

It is not the least to encourage insubordination to have this manly spirit of personal independence encouraged. When a person is on duty, he cannot be too anxious to do his duty. He should pride himself in surrendering his will implicitly, so far as his contract goes, to his master for the time being. It should be no surly half service he should render. But off duty—duty once done, let neither master ask, nor servant give more. In the nature of society, the master may now, perhaps, become the servant, and the servant the master, without degradation on either side. For, if we are to have freedom, we must regard all service as a mutual contract; and, when the object of the contract is good, it is equally honorable to command or to serve.

Anything else is slavery; and, as we hear of white, black, and red, it is a form of white. To resist it is to destroy the tyranny of rank, not to destroy ranks which no reasonable person would wish exactly.

HARRY MOSMOUTH.

CHEAP BOOKS.

(From the Boston *Transcript*.)

A FEW years ago, some of the publishing houses in this country began to offer cheap editions of standard works to the people. As a general thing, they were printed in small type, on very poor paper, with double columns on the page, thus allowing scarcely any margin, and were issued in numbers; so that the separated parts of the volume must be bound up, if perchance they could be found, after the dollar or two had been paid for the scattered limbs.

The fact soon began to suggest itself to the brains and purses of the purchasers, that low-priced books are not, of necessity, cheap books. Eyes are worth something. It is no bargain for a Yankee to boast of, when he pays twenty-five cents a number, for sixteen successive weeks, to obtain some English history, or series of essays, and finds by the time he gets half through, that he must have a microscope to hold the letters apart before his swimming eyes, and then, just as the bill for binding comes in, feels the necessity of putting himself under the charge of an oculist for the cure of inflammation, or weakness of sight. Moreover, taste is of some account. A book is not cheap that violates every principle of beauty in the

arrangement, the paper, and the printing. If it makes you sad, ashamed, or vexed, every time you look at it after the first reading; if it does not tempt the eye to turn again to the eloquence which it disfigures with vulgar drapery; if it disgusts you when you turn over its thin and dingy leaves to dig out some favorite passage; if you cannot possibly feel any joy or pride of property in it—the purchase was a bad bargain. Surely it is time that people understand the fact that what ruins their eye-sight, offends taste, corrupts temper, and prevents intimate and joyful intercourse with good literature, is not really cheap.

It is not generally known that the English press has entirely distanced our own in the honor of issuing substantial literature at a low cost. We have nothing, for instance, to show, on this side of the water, that will compare with "Bohn's Standard Library" for value, excellence of printing, and moderate expense. Each volume of that admirable series is printed with fair sized type, properly edited and well bound; has an engraving and a full index, and can be obtained in this country for eighty-seven cents.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.

THE belief in lucky and unlucky days is one of the most prevalent of human superstitions. There are traces of it among all the nations of antiquity, and some of more recent date. The 14th day of the first month was esteemed auspicious by the Jews, because it ended their captivity in Egypt. On the other hand, the 10th of August was ill-omened; for on that day the first temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the second by Titus, six hundred years after. The Romans would never undertake any business on the 13th of February (*Dies Alienis*), which was the anniversary of the battle of Allia, when the nation was almost annihilated by the Gauls. The Carthaginians had the same superstition about the 22d of August. Louis XI. of France esteemed it an evil omen if any one spoke to him on business on Innocents' Day.

There have been some remarkable coincidences of days in the lives of distinguished men. The same day of the month has not unfrequently been the day of birth and of death, and the date of some memorable event. Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April. On that day he won two of his most important victories, and on that day he died. On that day, his father, Philip, conquered Potidea, and on that day Parmenio, Philip's general, overcame the Illyrians. Pompey the Great was born and died on the 30th of September, and on the same day triumphed on his return from Asia. Augustus was adopted by Julius Cæsar on the 19th of August, and on the 19th of August he died. The wife of Henry VII. was born and died on the 11th of February. Sir Kenelm Digby was born and died on the 11th of June. He conquered at Scanderoon on the same day. His epitaph commemorates the coincidence:

"Under this stone the matchless Digby lies,
Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the arts;

Born on the day he died—the eleventh of June—

On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon.
'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be

His day of birth, of death, of victory."

Raffaëlle was born and died on Good Friday. Shakespeare's birthday was also the day of his death—April 23d. The 24th of February was thrice memorable to Charles V. of Spain, as the day of his birth, the day of his victory over Francis, King of France, and the day on which he received the imperial crown at Bonoma. Charles II. of England was born and restored to the throne on the 29th of May. The 3d of September was marked in the history of Cromwell as the date of the victory at Dunbar, also of that at Worcester, and as the day of his death.

Days of the week have sometimes been signalized in a similar manner. Tuesday was a day of note to Becket, the English saint. On Tuesday the lords passed judgment upon him at Northampton, on Tuesday he went into exile, on Tuesday he had a vision in which his doom was foretold to him, on Tuesday he returned from exile, on Tuesday he died, and on Tuesday was canonized. Wednesday was the lucky day of the celebrated Pope Sixtus V. It was the day of his birth, the day on which he took orders, the day on which he was made General of his order, the day on which he was created Cardinal, the day on which he was elected Pope, and the day on which he was inaugurated. Henry VII. called Saturday his fortunate day, as that on which he gained the battle of Bosworth, and that on which he entered London. It is remarkable that four of the Tudors in succession died on Thursday, beginning with Henry VIII., the second, and ending with Elizabeth, the last of the line.

Ancient calendars designate two days in each month as unfortunate, namely, of January, the first and seventh, February, the third and fourth, March, the first and fourth, April, the tenth and eleventh, May, the third and seventh, June, the tenth and fifteenth, July, the tenth and thirteenth, August, the first and second, September, the third and tenth, October, the third and tenth, November, the third and fifth, December, the seventh and tenth. Each of these days was devoted to some peculiar fatality. Whether the change of "style" introduced towards the close of the last century, by deranging the calendar order, has affected the character of these days, we are unable to say. For our own part, we agree with Heraclitus, who blamed Hesiod for calling some days lucky and others unlucky, as not discerning that "the nature of every day is the same." And we heartily subscribe to the saying of St. Paul, who, after mentioning that "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike," adds, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—(*Christian Enquirer*).

THE CANNIBALS OF SUMATRA.

MADAME PFEIFFER, famous for her travels in Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Russia, the islands of the sea, and many other portions of the world, has passed her half century, and has a family of grown-up children, residing in Germany. She travels without company, and is more successful and adventurous than hundreds of travellers of the sterner sex. The last place which she has been exploring is the island of Sumatra. From the *London Athenæum* we quote part of her letter:—

"I first went to Padang, the principal settlement of the Dutch in Sumatra. The governor, Mr. Van Swieten, received me very politely; but I stayed only a few days, and then set out on horseback for the interior. My first halt was at Fort de Kock, fifty pail—sixty miles—from Padang. Here I took up my residence at the house of Lieutenant Colonel Van der Hart, who assisted me in

drawing up my travelling route, wrote down the different stations along the road, and gave me letters of introduction to several Dutch functionaries further down in the country, towards the frontier of the independent Batacks. He knew the intermediate tract well, having commanded an expedition against those wild tribes about ten years previously, when he penetrated as far as Silindong. I intended to go still further, and to visit, if possible, the great lake, Ayer Tau.

"The last place where I found Europeans was Padang Sidimpuang, two hundred pail from Fort de Kock; and the only obstacle which I had to overcome on my journey thither was, horses so shy, so little broken, and so obstinate, that the people were obliged to lift a foot, or pinch the nose of my steed before he would allow me to mount him. Once on their way, however, they went along fast enough—brambles and stones being no obstacles to them. The country is full of tigers, rhinoceroses, and elephants; but I did not heed them much, as long as the sun was above the horizon, and cantered along for hours together through dense forests and savannahs covered with *alang-alang*, a kind of grass growing from three to six feet high. I was then quite alone, as my groom remained long behind me.

"Having taken leave of the last Europeans in this part of Sumatra, I continued riding for twenty pail more, when owing to the primitive character of the country, horses became useless, and I was compelled to proceed on foot. During the first three days my journey was exceedingly toilsome. Forests which would be quite impenetrable, had not rhinoceroses made narrow tracks across them in all directions, covered the country as far as the eye could reach; and where the ground was free from trees, the *alang-alang* grew so high that the tops collapsed over my head as I worked my way through them. Sometimes we climbed over steep, rocky hills, and then suddenly came down again into large sloughs and swamps, where I left my shoes behind me, and on crawling out found, beside mire and dirt, my legs covered with little leeches, with which all these pools are crowded.

The wounds inflicted by the cutting *alang-alang* were exceedingly painful; and in the woods thorns were so plentiful that numbers would stick fast in my legs and feet, which I left there till resting time, when some good-natured Batack would draw them out with the aid of a knife, which was anything but well-pointed. Two of these people saved my life while I was crossing a deep river, the rapid current of which carried me off. No day passed without rain, and I had no dry clothes to change with. One night we passed in a forest under lofty trees, and there I was in fear of snakes and tigers. My couch was the naked, cool ground; and more than once I was obliged to lie down without having eaten any thing but some dried rice part boiled in water, without any addition of butter.

Towards the close of the third day we reached the first *uta*, or village of the Batacks. I was sorry to find the people hesitate to receive me; but it fortunately happened that Rajah Hali Bonar, who had once been the guest of Mr. Hammers at Padang Sidimpuang, and for whom I had a letter, was then on a visit at the *uta*; and no sooner had I delivered my credential into his hands, than he took my part warmly, and even pro-

mised to accompany me to Ayer Tau, which was about seventy pail distant. The villagers now accommodated me with a *soppo*—a small hut, opened on all sides—and presented me with a fowl and some rice.

On the following day we reached the *uta* of Hali Bonar. A buffalo calf was killed to do honor to the stranger, and I was obliged to be present at the slaughtering, which took place with the accompaniment of music and dancing. The flowing blood having been carefully collected, they cut the carcass into many pieces, and presented me with the liver, placed on a plate, as the most delicious part of the animal. Upon this they performed a strange ceremony, very little to my taste, but well intended after all, since it was calculated to propitiate one of their evil spirits. These are the only superior beings whom they worship, because they fear them; while the good ones remain unnoticed, because not being bent on doing mischief, there is no occasion to conciliate them. In this instance the evil spirits were made propitious with water and rice cakes.

Two young men opened the dances; and after they had amused the public for a while with their antics, the elder one seized a buffalo horn filled with water, and, without ceasing to take part in the dance, raised it several times above his head, with a mien as if he were beseeching the heavenly powers to bless the contents. Suddenly he poured a portion of the water out against me, another against the musicians, and the rest against the people. He then did the same with a quantity of rice and some small rice cakes, of which he presented me one on a plate. Shortly afterwards they exhibited their skill in a sort of dance with which they generally celebrate public executions; but on this occasion it was performed in my honor. A "sarong," representing a man, having been tied to a pole, which stood for a tree, they danced round it to the measure of their music.

After a while, one of the performers, leaping from the ring, pierced the figure of the fettered man with his *parang*, or cutlass, and was followed by a second and a third, till the whole set had plunged their swords in the body of the supposed victim. He who deals the first blow enjoys some privileges in eating the dead body. The victim being considered to be dead, they made the pantomime of cutting off his head; then they placed the head of the buffalo calf on the top of the figure, and continued their wild gyrations round the body. From time to time a performer, leaving the ring, seized the head, and sucked the blood which dropped from the severed neck, while others, throwing themselves over a mat on which the head had been lying, greedily licked the gore with which it was covered. There was nothing wild or passionate in their looks, but they appeared to be in excellent humor, as if they amused themselves vastly. Whenever a real criminal or prisoner is put to death in this manner, the Rajah receives the nose, ears, and under part of the feet, as the most delicious parts, next to which the cheeks, the palm of the hand, and the liver are most esteemed.

The day after this festival I started for new scenes. Since 1835, when the Batacks killed and devoured two missionaries, the appearance of Europeans among these people had become a rare phenomenon. Hence, the news of my visit had spread through the

country like wild-fire. On approaching a uta I found the whole male population armed with spears, swords, and parangs, assembled at the entrance, and myself soon surrounded by a crowd, looking savage and horrible beyond description. The men were tall and strong, but frightfully ugly, with tremendous mouths, and the upper jaws not only much projecting, but in many cases furnished with teeth protruding like tusks.

Some had their hair long, others short, when it would stand off the heads like bristles; and they had covered their heads either with a dirty cotton cloth, or with neat straw caps resembling square baskets; many, however, having only a colored rag or a straw ribbon tied round them. Their ears were all perforated—the hole being large enough to admit one or two cigars, which they kept there as in a case. They were decently dressed; a "sarong" covering the lower part of the body and the legs as far down as the calves, and another [sarong] the upper part. But their cries were horrible; and they made the most frightful gesticulations, indicating that they would not allow me to proceed—such as putting the hand to the throat, to make me think of my own, or gnawing the flesh of their arms, as a hint that they would eat me. I had, however, seen too many similar scenes to be frightened, and soon succeeded in soothing their temper by gentle words, and a quiet, confiding conduct. My language made them laugh; they offered to shake hands with me, and ere long I sat among them, protected by the most sacred laws of hospitality. A trifle is sufficient to enrage the most savage people, and a trifle will make them friends again. This I always kept in view.

At last we came to the magnificent valley of Silindong, the largest and most beautiful that I have seen in Sumatra. It appears to be fifteen paal long by five wide, and is encompassed by high hills, assuming the character of two parallel mountain chains in proportion as they approach the coast, and traversing Sumatra from east to west.

The population seems to be considerable, judging from the great number of utas with which the country is dotted. They are all fortified, being surrounded by earth walls from five to six feet high, which are surrounded in their turn by a ring of bamboo trees and low hedges, water ditches forming the exterior defence.

The bamboos growing from forty to fifty feet high, each uta lies in the midst of a beautiful grove. The noble river Patang Toru, and several smaller ones, water this valley, which produces much rice and ubi, or sweet potatoes, while herds of buffaloes and black cows are everywhere visible between the cultivated fields. It is, indeed, a valley of abundance.

But the people are horribly dirty, and the poor women are treated like slaves and beasts of burden. I am sorry to inform you, that after so many hardships and dangers, I did not visit the lake Ayer Tau, although I was only fifteen paal from it, and might have seen its water had I but ascended the intermediate ridge of hills. But no one would accompany me, there being a feud between them and the people of Ayer-Tau. I had penetrated about a dozen paal further inland than other Europeans. What saved me were my sex and my confidence. Both the Batacks and the Dyaks told me that I must be a superhuman being, or I would not have

ventured to come among them without assistance and protection.

The whole extent of my travels through Sumatra was seven hundred and twenty paal on horseback, and one hundred and forty-six on foot. After my return to Padang, I suffered from fever; but my good constitution having carried me through it, I hope to be able to give you an account of all my future expeditions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1853.

THE Academy of Natural Sciences exhibits its usual activity. The meetings of May and June have been presided over by Mr. George Ord, President, and Robert Bridges, M.D., and Mr. John Price Wetherell, Vice-Presidents. A late paper, "Notes on the Ornithology of Wisconsin," by P. R. Hoy, M.D., of Racine, is extremely interesting. The observations, made within fifteen miles of Racine, Wisconsin, show it to be a favorite point, a kind of rendezvous, for in seven years the Doctor has noticed 283 species of birds, about one-twentieth of all known to naturalists. A striking peculiarity of the ornithological fauna of that section is, that northern birds go further south in winter, while southern birds go further north in summer, than they do east of the great lakes. An instance is given of a bird, the *Turdus Mustelinus*, whose mate, the female, was killed by the Doctor, who wished to secure the eggs, gliding off from the nest, and pouring forth the most mellow and plaintive strains—continuing thus several times, to mislead his enemy. Lieut. Maury presented an engraved diagram, representing a vertical section of the basin of the Atlantic, about the parallels of 39° and 40° north latitude, the data for which drawing are furnished by the deep sea soundings taken by officers of the U. S. Navy. The diagram exhibits a striking contrast between the profile of the earth's crust above and below the sea level. The same plate contains a vertical section across the continent of South America, from Lima to the mouth of the Amazon. It illustrates certain anomalies in the pressure of the atmosphere, as inferred from the experiments of Lieut. Herndon, on the boiling point of water. It would appear that a mountain chain acts as a barrier against the winds, piling up the atmosphere above it, and its slope—forming in fact, an air-cast mould of its contour. Mr. T. A. Conrad presented for publication, a description of new species of *Unios*; and also a "Monograph of the genus *Fulgur*." A. L. Heerman, M.D., has completed a catalogue of the Oological collection of the Academy, embracing 1,323 determined species of 493 genera of bird's eggs. Of these, 835 species, derived from all parts of the world, formed the celebrated and valuable collection of M. O. Des Murs, of Paris. The Australian species, numbering 246, accompanied the splendid collection of birds from that country, made by the distinguished ornithologist, Mr. John Gould, of London, and which is now in the museum of the Academy. The Cuban species are from the collection of M. Ramon de la Sagra, and were presented by Mr. E. Wilson. The two first were purchased by Dr. T. B. Wilson, and presented to the Academy. The remainder were presented by several hundred different individuals. Of undetermined eggs

in the collections of Des Murs and Gould, there are 197 species.

The executors of Dr. Morton have deposited twenty-two mummified crania of dogs and cats, from Egypt. Forty-two gentlemen have purchased for four thousand dollars, the collection of skulls, made by Dr. Morton, and presented them.

Dr. Le Conte laid before the Academy for publication, a "Synopsis of the Meloidea of the United States," and also a "Synopsis of the Atopidae, Rhipiceridae, and Cyphonidae, of the United States."

Dr. Heermann has gone, as naturalist, with the western Government Exploring Expedition.

At the May meeting of the Historical Society, Mr. J. R. Tyson in the Chair, Mr. Buchanan, on account of his appointment as Minister to England, declining, it was resolved that Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll be requested to deliver the annual oration, on the 8th of November next.

Mr. Jones announced that the American Baptist Publication Society had, at their late meeting, on the 5th inst., organized an historical department, and had chosen William R. Williams, D.D., of New York, its President.

Mr. Armstrong read and presented a catalogue of all the known early maps of Pennsylvania and the river Delaware; and also a paper communicated by Dr. William Darlington, entitled "Chester's Mothe, a Lament." It is in verse, with preparatory remarks and notes by the Doctor, and has reference to the establishment of Westchester as the county town of Chester county.

Mr. Ward read a paper, written by the late Chief Justice Gibson, called "Notes on Wharton's State Trials—Western Insurrection;" one of the latest papers the lamented jurist wrote. (It has been published in the last number of the Collections of the Society).

Mr. Jones read a paper by John F. Watson, on the Boone Family, showing them to have been of Pennsylvania, to have been originally Friends, and that "the Hunter of Kentucky," the great Daniel Boone, was born in Berks county, in this State. Mention of their marriages occur in the Records of the Meetings of Gwynedd, Oley, and Maiden Creek. It also appears that many were disowned because of their marrying out of meeting, and that frequent dealings were called for, as they were sadly over-belligerent. Mr. J. Engle Negus stated that Col. Hampton L. Boone, of Missouri, had informed him, the belief of the family was, that the birth-place of Daniel was in Pennsylvania.

Appropriate resolutions, regarding the death of Judge Gibson, were adopted; and Mr. Tyson appointed to prepare a memoir of him.

A number of donations, books, manuscripts, engravings, etc., were received.

At the June meeting, a letter was read, from Mr. J. W. Biddle, of Pittsburg, regarding Watson's account of the Boone family. It states that a number of their early records came into his hands—his mother's first husband being James Boone—one of these papers gives an account of them. They left a town eight miles from Exeter, England, in 1717. These papers have been placed in the hands of Lyman C. Draper, who is preparing, among other lives of Western pioneers, that of Daniel Boone. Mr. Biddle goes on to state that it is an entire mistake

to say the family were originally Friends—the papers prove they were Episcopalians—that he learned verbally from his half sister—Miss Boone, who died in 1846, aged 75—that George Boone, on his arrival, in 1717, purchased and settled in Berks county, and laid out a town, naming it Exeter—he purchased lands as far south as North Carolina (this probably gave rise to the belief that Col. Boone was born there); and that he purchased and laid out Georgetown, D. C. Mr. Biddle, looking over the papers one day, remarked that “these Boones all appeared to have been Episcopalians.” “Oh, yes!” replied Miss Boone, “they were all High Church people,” and added, that “most of them became Quakers out of compliment to William Penn and his successors.”

The origin of Georgetown having been brought into question, Mr. Balch stated that the land on which it is situated, was part of a large tract granted by Lord Baltimore, shortly after his arrival, to Ninian Beale, for his services against the Indians. Parts of it are even now in possession of his descendants. His son, Col. Geo. Beale, was the founder of Georgetown, and lies buried in the old church-yard. Ninian Beale built, in part, “Dumbarton,” on Georgetown Heights, now the seat of Col. Geo. C. Washington, to whose wife it came by descent, without the occurrence of a deed. The Rev. Dr. Balch, who married a great grand-daughter of Ninian Beale, also received by his wife a portion of the original property in the same way. Mr. Balch went on to say, there had been put into his hands a MS. journal, kept by the father of Professor Hare, of a journey to Albany and Niagara—up the Mohawk, by batteaux—visiting Sir William Johnson, etc., etc.; and stated it would be submitted to the Committee of Publication.

Mr. Ward read two letters from Samuel Martin, of Campbell's station, East Tennessee,—one to M. Carey, dated 9th August, 1828, in which he evinces a deep interest in a reduction of the rates of postage, suggesting papers passing free, at least in the states where published. The other is of June 1st, 1853, and addressed to H. C. Baird; it speaks of his constant labor in the cause of cheap postage, for a period of twenty-four years, and suggests a reduction of one half the present rates on books.

Mr. Ward announced the death of Thomas McKenn Petit. The Hon. George M. Stroud was appointed to prepare an obituary of him.

The Society was informed by the Librarian, that a number of MSS. of Chief Justice Shippen were in possession of Mr. Balch, who, by resolution, was asked to edit them for publication in the collections of the Society.

Many donations of books, maps, and prints were received.

Very respectfully,

LOGAN.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— At Franconi's Hippodrome, gorgeous spectacle and brisk “equitation” still draw the throng, and the audiences are to be still counted by thousands.

— At Niblo's Garden, after a due orbit elsewhere, Madame Thillon has returned to shine during certain summer evenings, and pleasing and arch as she has always appeared, she will, no doubt, prove an attractive magnet to the management.

— A tall neighbor to the Crystal Palace, stands Latting's Observatory, which is now open to the public (having been opened by the press by the use of a private eye-stone, which gave them a fine view of Long Island, the Bay, “Jersey,” and several other curious sights)—and it allows a commanding range of New York and its surroundings. Some of the views from the observatory are admirable—perfect little pictures by themselves—and others are comprehensive and quite Alpine.

— “We understand that the lease of the New National Theatre, Boston, has been granted by the trustees to Messrs. Leonard & Fleming. The friends of Mr. Wm. Fleming, in this city, will be glad to hear of his success in this regard. May good fortune and prosperity await upon both the lessees.”

This paragraph, cut from one of our city exchanges, states the general good will so directly, that it becomes the common property of the press; and public opinion cheerfully endorses for Mr. Fleming, whatever private friendship may suggest in his behalf.

— Perthes, of Hamburg, announces the following important works as in press: The twelfth volume of Ritter's History of Philosophy; the fourth volume of Bunsen's Egypt's Place in the World's History; the twenty-sixth issue of Heeran and Ukert's History of European States, being the fifth volume of Hermann's History of Russia. Only four volumes of Ritter's History of Philosophy, and one of Bunsen's Egypt, have been translated into English.

— It is a curious coincidence that three men who have each in turn held the helm of affairs in France, and exercised no small influence over her destinies, now inhabit the same street in Paris. Guizot, Mole, and Lamartine, have each town residences in the Rue de la Ville l'Eveque. The latter of these celebrities has just quitted the tumult of the capital for the quietude of his chateau of St. Point, near Macon, where he intends staying until he has completed his “History of the Constituent Assembly,” the first volume of which will appear forthwith in *La Siècle*.

— “Columbus” (the clever Paris correspondent of the *Commercial*, and who is always discovering something good and piquant), furnishes this dramatic paragraph:

“The emperor has given to M^{lle}s. Corneilles, descendants in the direct line of the poet, a pension of 2000 fr. a year. The fact was made known to them on the 6th of June, the anniversary of Corneille's birth-day. His Majesty has also granted a pension of 1200 fr. a year to the daughter of Gen. Bisson, to whom Napoleon 1^{er}. gave a pension, but which naturally ceased in 1814. The cottage which the general left his daughter, and in which consisted her entire property, was pillaged and burned by the Allies in 1815. Since then she has received nothing from any government, and has lived in continual misery.”

— “Notes and Queries” speaks of devil's marks in swine:—

“‘We don't kill a pig every day,’ but we did a short time since; and after its hairs were scraped off, our attention was directed to six small rings, about the size of a pea, and in color as if burnt or branded, on the inside of each fore leg, and disposed curvilinearly. Our laborer informed us with great gravity, and evidently believed it, that these marks were caused by the pressure of the devil's fingers, when he entered the herd of swine which immediately ran violently into the sea. See Mark x. 11—15; Luke viii. 22—33.”

Of monkeys, the Brussels *Herald* says:—

“The imitative properties of the monkey tribe are well known. Two monkeys of the larger sort, kept by a naturalist, became perfectly tamed, and were the familiar companions of the gentleman's household. One of these, the female, used to enter the kitchen at a certain time of day, take the broom down and sweep the kitchen, put coals on the fire, and set the tea things in as good order as any servant maid could do. This exceeds the sagacity of the dog or elephant, and as the monkey tribe have large developments of the organs of imitation, it also proves the truth of phrenology. Another small monkey, kept by a British consul in this country, once at a large consular dinner party, entered the room, and, jumping on to the consul's shoulder, took off his wig and put it into the fire, to the great amusement of the company.”

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. PHILIPS, SAMPSON & Co. have in press, and will publish about the 1st of September, “Memoir of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D., the first American missionary to Burmah,” by the Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D.; “The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man,” by the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D.

The State Offices have stopped the Brodhead documents. One volume has been issued, and two others are partly printed, one of Dutch, and the other of French translations.

G. Y. VAN DE BOGERT, of Schenectady, has in press, and will soon publish, a new book on Moral Philosophy, by Vice-president Hickok, of Union College.

MESSRS. BLANCHARD, of this city, has issued an “Illustrated Biography, or Memoirs of the Great and Good of all Nations and all Times; comprising Sketches of Eminent Statesmen, Philosophers, Heroes, Artists, Reformers, Philanthropists, Mechanics, Navigators, Authors, Poets, Divines, Soldiers, Savans, etc., by Charles C. Savage, author of ‘The World, Geographical, Historical, and Statistical, etc.’ Embellished by two hundred and fifty Portraits and Engravings.”

This title-page, which we have cited at length, is so full and descriptive as to almost anticipate and supersede criticism. The Biography is a compact octavo of five hundred and ninety-two pages. The memoirs are well-prepared, some of them with special discrimination and care; and as the characters included are the marked men of all ages, briefly and feelingly disposed of, this illustrated volume cannot fail to find its way into a thousand family libraries in city and country.

MESSRS. HOPKINS, BRIDGMAN & Co., Northampton, Mass., have just ready or in press, “Todd's Summer Gleanings,” 12mo., muslin; “Todd's Lectures to Children,” new illustrated edition, enlarged; “Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee,” 12mo.; “Doolittle's Historical Sketches;” “A Birth day Book for Boys and Girls;” “Kris Kringle's Book for Boys and Girls;” “Pearl Bible,” tracts and other styles; do, with Psalms; “The Redeemed Captive,” by Dr. S. W. Williams; “Memoir of the Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, D.D.,” late Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of New England, by John S. Stone, D.D., 8vo., muslin; “The Daughter at School,” by the Rev. Jno. Todd, D.D., designed as a companion to “The Student's Manual.”

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